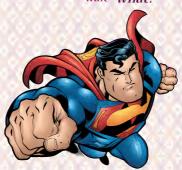


## It's the Joker's world ...we just <mark>DIE</mark> in it!



If Superman isn't crazy, that means the whole world has gone insane, and only one man can be responsible. Somehow Batman's greatest, nemests, the Joker, has received the power to reshape reality to his own mad whims. The world now is defined by chaos and death, and there is absolutely nothing anyone can do about it. It's impossible to defeat a god. Unfortunately, someone forgot to tell that to Superman. Armed with nothing more than his will, the Man of Swill. The Man of the reign of Emperor Joker... or die trying.





















































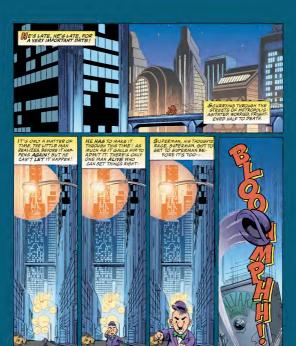






Cover by Ed McGuinness and Cam Smith









AND OF ALL THE
CLOISTERED
CHILDREN OF A
RELATIVELY
HIGHER POWER
WHO DWELL IN
THIS SACRED
PLACE...



AND PECULIAR VISIONS





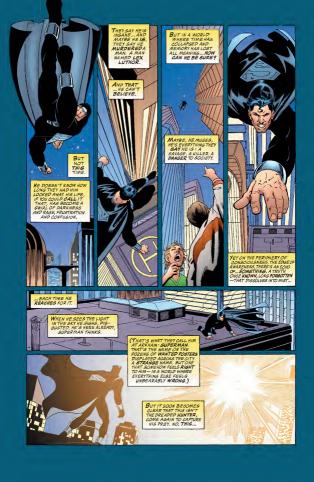




























THE MAYO

WAS BAD

ONE LITTLE TURTLE-BITE AND HE GOES ALL TO

PIECES! WHAT A WUSS!









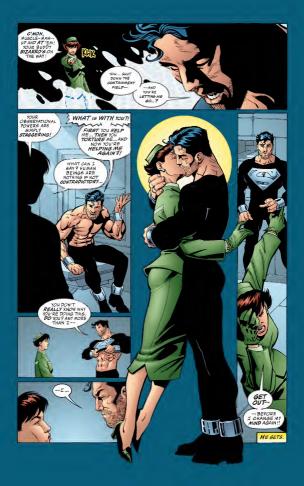


SACRED MASK MAY THE SAGE OF T

















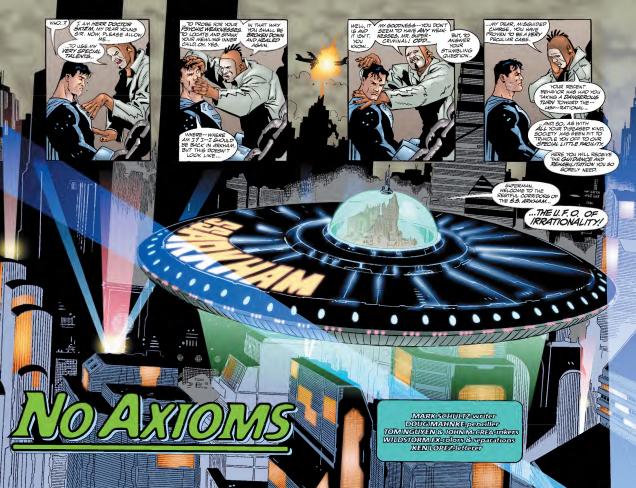




## SUPERMAN: THE MAN OF STEEL #104 Cover by Ed McGuinness and Cam Smith









































































































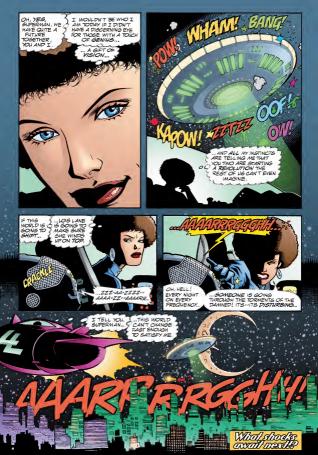




























TITLES





















































































































































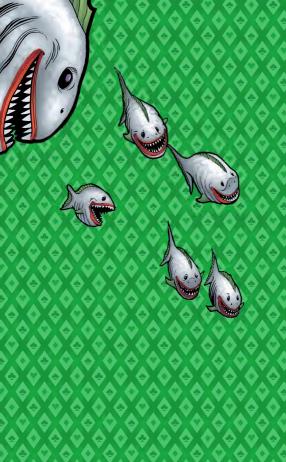






















































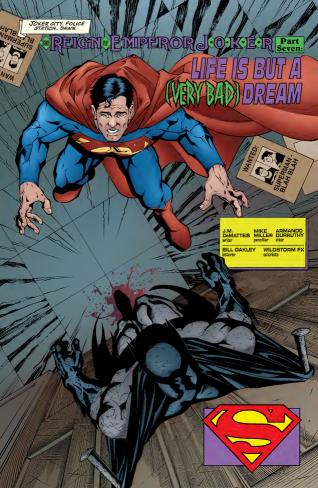




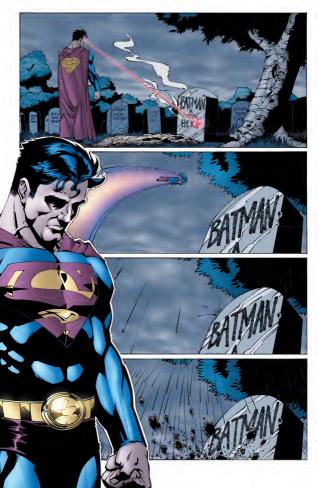






























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Cover by Kano and Drew Geraci



































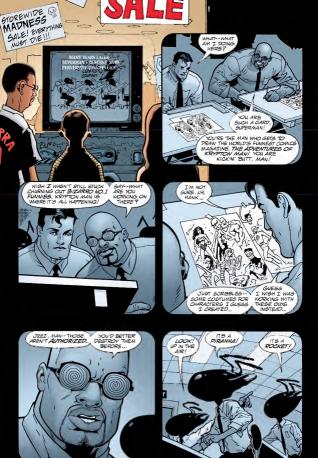


































































## SORRY! WE ARE EXPERIENCING TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES! TROUBLE IS NOT IN YOUR SET





































































REALLY?





I'LL SNAP YOUR NECK TO PROVE

A POINT -- BUT YOU WON THE LOTTERY, KID. YOU'RE CHICK



## HONK IF YOU LOVE DOLPHINS























"... YOU GET THE BEST SEAT IN THE HOUSE FOR ARMAGEDDON.

"SAY GOODNIGHT, HARLEY."

































































"SO EXPLAIN TO ME WHY, EXACTLY, I'M IN THE SLAB IN NEW YORK, WITH HIM..."









## CODEX COMICON

t has long been my considered opinion that the responsibility of the comic book creator is to evoke a sobering experience of growth in the reader with roots steeped in the dramaturgical legacy of lisen and Chekhov, swollen with gravitas and verisimilitude. These are toubled times, and the modern audience craves morality tales that will help guide them through the maelstrom of this conflicted age with solemnity and security. To provide any less than the transformative horror of an inescapable anagonrisis in each comic book is an unforgivable violation of the compact between creator and reader. It is also as sore for the terrorists.

their creator has the ability, and the responsibility, to prepare their readers for the irratial truths of reality by presenting said inrutality through the frosted lens of the 'action adventure' genre' though I am loathe to use the terms 'action' or adventure' as there is no place for either in the lives of decent people. For example, if there are no aspirational characters in comic book tales, readers will learn to accept the traits of selfsheness and cynicism in others especially their leaders, without the usual nagging discomfort. By repressing the instinct to intuse imagination into comic books, the creators send a powerful message that one should not bother to imagine a better life for one's self and rather work to maintain the status quot if there is no humor, 'witty' repartee, or out-spoken characters with dissenting opinions, the reader will divine that silence and obedience in the face of oppression, tragedy, and wrong are valuable traits guaranteeing success and acceptance in our sockety. What greater gift can one give to a stranger?

the trajecture, the post modern dissection of the heroic paradigmit. With such a critical mission at hand, insist that comedy be stricken from modern comic along with great feats of derring do, and especially infective dimagination, for whimsy too easily derails the engine of sophistic authenticity. Irom this day forth, let the word 'comic' pass your lips only to identify those lowbrow street performers like John Stewart, Robin Williams, or Peter Selfers' Instead, call our belowed medium DRAMICs, and misst tupon the accurate depiction of life's wores so that our children and our children's children will never the another towed around their necks and attempt to fly, but always walk in a straight line, looking obediently at their feet and counting the steps toward an unremarkable life and inevitable disappointing death.

Yours in abstemiousness,

PROFESSOR B. IZARRO

